

How To Train Your Peter Pan

by A fool who thinks they're wise

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Summary: While out riding Toothless, Hiccup runs into (literally) one red-haired boy who refuses to go old and ends up becoming the centre of a tug-of-war game. Just in time for Jack to show up and witness it of course, because, really, that's just his life isn't it. Hijack.

How To Train Your Peter Pan

Hey everyone! :)

>So this is my Hijack story, based off this wonderful picture here:
post/48945020754

>By soul-rhapsody
It takes place in the same universe as Change, so you might want
>to read that before this one.<p>

I hope you all enjoy!

* * *

><p>How terrible it is,
to love something
>that Death can touch.
-Unknown

* * *

><p>The cool air of the English countryside swept through Hiccup's hair, the exhilarating chill running along Hiccup's skin, and evoking a slight shiver from the dragon trainer as he and Toothless swept past another row of trees; the myriad of colors falling from Hiccup's fingertips painting the leafs and bringing Autumn to the sleepy Lancashire countryside. Toothless flapped his wings and brought them up higher so that they could observe their good work. Hiccup watched, an unconscious smile sneaking it's way across his face, as the wonderful mirage of colors settled into place imperfectly; a sporadic clash of colors that somehow managed to blend together and complete the beautiful autumn afternoon.<p>

He gave a sigh of contentment, stretching in the saddle, as Toothless snorted his approval of their work.

>"We did pretty good today, huh buddy?" Hiccup murmured, with an air of immense self-satisfaction, as he lent down and gave Toothless a pat; receiving a satisfied rumble in return.
He started settling back into the saddle, but found himself pausing for a moment, glancing into the curving horizon as the image of a certain pale skinned, white haired teen flickered in the sunlight.

_"Wonder what Jack's doingâ€|probably tormenting the people of Russia; __**again**__."_

Hiccup gave another sigh, this time of exasperation as he shook his head at the thought of Jack carrying out his normal mischievous escapades. That particular habit of his had at least given Hiccup and Bunny something to talk about; it was the most discussed subject during their annual commiseration tea parties (who would have thought hot leaf water could taste so good?) at the burrow. Whereupon Bunny would grumble and rant about how much sudden, "accidental" blizzards affected his egg hunts as Hiccup just put his head in his hands for a few moments and mumbled apologies through his fingers. Then Bunny would snort and say that it wasn't his fault and he felt more sorry for him, as he was actually in a relationship with the bloody show pony; which in turn would cause Hiccup to turn an alarming shade of red, arousing a concerned grumble from Toothless and more teasing from Bunny.

Hiccup shook his head again, hoping to shake thoughts of Jack from his mind as he turned to face the northern part of the United Kingdom, Scotland, and promptly collided with an object with a tangle of arms and legs that almost knocked him off of Toothless.

A startled "oomph" was torn from his throat and he found himself lying on his back as Toothless twisted and turned around them, just as startled as he was, careening through the air towards the grassy ground as the odd tangle of limbs hovered above him. In the moment before they hit the ground, Hiccup saw the colors red and green flash before his vision before the impact knocked the strange creature off Toothless and released his leg from the saddle.

Hiccup opened his eyes and sat up with a groan, rubbing his hand on the back of his head he glanced over to where Toothless was sitting up and spitting out grass; looking the farthest thing from impressed as a dragon could possibly manage.

>"You alright bud?" Hiccup croaked out.
Toothless answered with a slight growl, his cat-like emerald eyes narrowed threateningly at something across the clearing from them. Hiccup followed his gaze and felt his eyes widen slightly in surprise.

The strange tangle of limbs that had crashed into them was standing a short distance away from the two, and now that their faces weren't millimeters away from each other as the world spun dizzily around them, Hiccup could make out what it looked like.

A boy, from the looks of it only a couple of years younger than him, with blazing dark red hair, pointed elf ears, wearing a short-sleeved green tunic, cloth tights, and a cap with a red feather, stared back at him with big, brown eyes, filled with an emotion that Hiccup could only describe as wonder. It was a childlike wonder, not so different

from the kind that Hiccup caught shining within North's eyes, and he found himself relaxing slightly despite the circumstances.

That was, until the boy decided to leap forward, a shining dagger outstretched in his hand, towards Toothless, letting out a savage war cry as he did so.

"Wait!" Hiccup cried out, rushing across the clearing and standing in front of Toothless, arms outstretched and eyes pleading for calm.

The boy rushed to a stop, frowning slightly, confusion wrinkling his nose.

>"Step aside, I have to defeat the evil dragon and save you!"
Hiccup raised an eyebrow. "What makes you think I need saving?"

>The boy rolled his eyes. "Obviously you've been captured by the evil dragon, which makes you the damsel in distress, which means as a warrior, I have to save you; Wendy told me so." He shifted forward again, twirling the dagger around in his hand. "Now step aside, before you get injured."<p>

Were the situation not quite so dire, Hiccup would have gone to the nearest tree and knocked his head against it for a few moments in despair. Seriously, you get kidnapped **_**one time **_**and everybody decides to brand you as the pitiful damsel that needs rescuing. It didn't matter how much you protested that technically it had been ****you**** that defeated said villain in the end, you still ended up with pats on the head and warnings to be more careful. Frankly, it was infuriating, and Hiccup highly suspected it was all Jack's fault, seeing as he had been the first one to call him that. The others had just followed his lead like blind sheep, to Hiccup's great exasperation.

Shaking those thoughts aside, he focused back on the situation at hand.

>"You've got it all wrong," he gestured behind him to Toothless, who's small growl had erupted into a full on rumble, shooting him a look to try and get him to stop. "This isn't an **evil** dragon, it's a **_**trained**_** dragon; haven't you ever heard of them?"

The boy eyed Toothless suspiciously. "Wendy never said anything about those."

>"Well," Hiccup began, fumbling over his words slightly, "they're very rare, so she probably doesn't know about them." He backed up to Toothless, one hand still outstretched towards the boy, and patted him. "Trained dragons are nice, they let you ride them and they protect you." Toothless lowered his hackles and relaxed slightly, but his eyes remained narrow, cautious to the last.<p>

The boy looked Toothless up and down, still unsure. "Do they protect you from pirates?"

>Hiccup blinked, caught off guard by the question, before hurrying to answer. "Uh, yeah, of course they do!"
And just like that, the boy's face broke into a smile and he stashed the dagger back in his belt, grinning happily. "Oh, alright then."

Hiccup let out a silent sigh of relief, closing his eyes for a brief moment as his body relaxed. When his eyes opened again, the boy's

face was hovering a few inches away from his own. Startled, Hiccup gave a yelp of surprise and leapt backwards, banging into Toothless; who, much to Hiccup's chagrin, rolled his eyes. The boy let out a whoop of glee and did a backwards roll in the air. "You should've seen your face!" He righted himself in the air, still grinning like a madman at Hiccup. "Who are you anyways?"

Hiccup straightened himself up and tried to look as dignified as he could. "I'm Hiccup, the spirit of autumn."

>The boy wrinkled his nose again. "You're the hiccups?"
"No, I'm not ****the**** hiccups, I'm just Hiccup. And anyway, who are you?"

>The boy gave another grin and flew over to where Hiccup was, lowering himself until he was only hovering a few inches above the ground. "Well, Just Hiccup, I'm Peter Pan of Neverland." He swept his hat off his hand and bowed. "Pleased to meet you."<p>

"Pleased to meet you too." Hiccup returned. "What kind of spirit are you?"

>Peter laughed. "I'm not a spirit, silly! I'm a boy."
Hiccup found his eyes drifting down to where Peter's feet still hovered a few inches above the ground. A boy. Right. "Where did you say you were from again?"

>"Neverland." Peter replied cheerily.
"And where's that?"

Peter flew up higher and pointed into the wide expanse of blue sky above them. "You can't quite see it right now, but it's the second star on the right and then straight on till morning." He paused. "Or I guess straight on till night if we were to go now."

Hiccup looked where Peter was pointing, but failed to see even the faintest glimmers of starlight through the bright sun suffusing his leaves and eventually gave up, turning his gaze back to Peter.

"What's it like there?" He asked, quite curious now, and growing more so by the second.

>Peter swooped down through the air and back towards him, grinning. "It's beautiful, with waterfalls, big green forests, caves and a nice big ocean, well, except for the pirates, and when you're there you never grow old!"
Hiccup froze for a moment. "Never grow old?"

Peter nodded happily. "Yup, you never have to grow up and become a boring old, adult with a boring old job like a banker, or a tax accountant; you can do whatever you want all day ever day without a care in the world! Well, except for the pirates of course, but me and the lost boys always beat them."

>"Lost boys?" Hiccup questioned.
"They're a bunch of boys that decided to come to Neverland and never grow old with me." Peter told him.

>"And their parents let them go with you?" Hiccup asked, raising an eyebrow slightly.<p>

Peter snorted. "Their parents were a bunch of boring old adults that wouldn't let them do anything at all; and the ones that used to disappeared a long time ago."

>"What do you mean they disappeared?"
Peter shrugged. "They just left, and didn't tell them where they were going."

Before the meaning of those words could fully sink in, a glowing ball of yellow light shot into the clearing, startling Hiccup and causing

Toothless' ears to shoot up.

>It came to a stop just in front of Peter, close enough for Hiccup to make out the faint figure of a girl and the glimmer of translucent wings.
"Hey Tink," Peter said, holding his hand out for the small creature to stand on, "how'd it go?"

>The creature let out a few chattering sounds that Hiccup assumed was speech, but for the non-life of him he couldn't understand a word of it. Peter just nodded at its words, but Hiccup noticed that the glimmer of wonder in his eyes dimmed slightly.<p>

"I guess we'll just have to look harder next time."

>"Wha-who is that?" Hiccup managed to push past his lips, still momentarily stunned by the creature before him.
Peter looked from Hiccup to Tink and smiled again, but this time Hiccup wasn't so sure that it reached his eyes. "This is Tinkerbell, she's a fairy." He nudged the fairy with his finger. "Say 'Hi' Tink."

>Tinkerbell flew over to Hiccup with the same chattering bell sounds, stopping right in front of his face, so that he was almost cross-eyed as he tried to look at her.
"Umâ€|hi." Hiccup told her, still uncertain as tiny but fierce emerald orbs stared back at him.

However, she fluttered up with an excited chatter and flew around him in a circle, trilling in delight as she flew back over to Peter, who laughed. "Hey, she likes you."

"I'm glad." Hiccup found himself smiling. "What were you guys looking for? Do you want us to help?"

>Peter shook his head. "That's ok, we we're just looking for Wendy."
"Wendy, the one who told you about dragons?" Hiccup asked, thinking that he should probably have a few quick words with her about dragons as well.

>Peter nodded. "That's the one. She came back with Tink and me to Neverland a while ago, along with her brothers, but they had to go back to her parents after a little bit."
Hiccup felt the smile starting to slip from his face; he had a horrible feeling he knew where this conversation was going. "And now you can't find her?"

>Peter shook his head. "She's not at her old house, and Jane won't tell use where she's gone."<p>

"Jane?"

"Wendy's daughter." Peter looked a little nonplussed as the words fell past his lips, as if he still couldn't quite believe them. "She just says that Wendy's gone to a better place; but we've already checked all of Neverland and she's not there, which means she must be _here_ **somewhere**."

Hiccup looked at Peter, this boy who had sworn to never grow up, and in doing so remained a child in every sense of the world, and felt pity for him resonate deep within his very bones, thrumming through his body and echoing painfully throughout his heart. And as his eyes took in Peter's genuinely perplexed form, a memory stirred from the recess of his mind; standing on the shore of Berk and watching with the rest of the village as a intricately decorated rowing boat, filled with flowers, sweet smelling herbs that's scent drifted back through the crisp night air towards them, and the body of a woman he had only known as "Mother" sailed further and further away from the them. The fire that they had lit in the boat just before it had set off grew fainter and fainter as it sailed away, and as its warm glow faded away into the mist, Hiccup felt as though his own body was

growing colder and colder. He recalls the hand that had landed on his shoulder, shockingly warm compared to the desolate chill permeating from his core, and the broken grumble of Gobber's voice.

"She's in a better place now, Hiccup."

"Hey, you know what?" Peter's voice broke Hiccup out of his memories with a jolt and he focused his gaze back on the brown-haired boy.

>"What?" Hiccup asked, still shaking off the last vestiges of that memory.
Peter grinned. "You should come with us to Neverland!"

Hiccup felt his jaw drop.

"What?"

Peter swooped down and grabbed Hiccup's arm, pulling slightly. "It'll be great! You can tell the lost boys about trained dragons and all sorts of other stories, and be our mother until me and Tink find Wendy."

>Hiccup felt his cheeks heat up. "M-mother?!" He exclaimed, trying to tug his arm back from Peter. "I can't be a mother! In case you haven't noticed, I'm a guy."

Peter shook his head "That doesn't matter!" He tightened his grip on Hiccup's arm, tugging harder, "C'mon, it'll be great!"

>Hiccup shook his head again, feeling himself being dragged forward slightly by Peter. "I'm sorry, but there's no wayâ€"Ow, hey! Let go of me!"<p>

Tink had joined in the effort, tugging Hiccup by the strands of his auburn hair, Toothless let out a yowl and grabbed the back of Hiccup's vest with his mouth, lifting Hiccup up slightly and turning him into the center of a tug of war game.

>As Hiccup hung there, being tugged in one direction by a forever-young boy that seriously needed to take a crash course in avoiding collisions when flying and a tiny, chattering, golden fairy, and tugged in the other by a growly nightfury, all he could do was thank the gods that at the very least Jack wasn't here to witness this.

Which is, naturally, when said spirit of winter decided to show up.

* * *

><p>Jack Frost pranced around the Scottish countryside, a smug grin on his face, as frost spread across the land where he walked; making trees and bushes glisten slightly as the tiniest puffs of snow began to drift down from the sky above. The glimmering water of the lakes stiffened, the top layer of water freezing into a delicate sheet of ice that even the tiniest amount of pressure would destroy, while the ocean turned frigid as it crashed against the sharp rocks of the coast. Ruins of once great castles and monasteries looked even more desolate than usual, entrenched in an icy mist. Intricate patterns of frost crept up windowpanes as the leaves on the trees froze and died, falling to the earth before they could be painted all the beautiful colors of autumn.<p>

Jack snickered to himself as he imagined the look on Hiccup's face when he finished painting the leaves in England and made his way to Scotland, only to discover that winter (read: Jack) had already gotten there first.

Frankly, Jack thought to himself as he perched on top of his staff and surveyed his work, it was Hiccup's fault that he was driven to this. He hadn't seen hide nor tail of the dragon rider in almost two weeks, but had it on good authority (a gloating Bunny) that he had been present at a tea party just the week before in lieu of meeting up with a certain devilishly handsome spirit of winter.

And before you ask, no, Jack was not ****pouting**** because of this, he just thought that Hiccup, and the country of Scotland therefore, were in desperate need of a reminder of who was really important here. (It was him.)

Jack looked towards the sky as more snow began to fall from the sky, fluttering through the air to the ground slowly. He could almost swear that in each and every delicately intricate falling snowflake, he saw Hiccup.

He glanced in the direction of the English countryside and stood up abruptly, deciding that he had waited long enough for Hiccup to get his lazy butt up here, and took off into the air.

"Wind!" He called, twirling in the air for a moment before stopping. "Take me to Hiccup and Toothless!"

>The wind rushed up to meet him, encasing his body and sending hurtling through the air, away from the cold Scottish countryside and towards the slightly warmer English countryside. He closed his eyes briefly and enjoyed the way the wind ruffled through his hair and his clothes, before it cut out completely after a few moments and sent him falling towards the earth. He opened his eyes and landed with all the grace of a spirit of winter, straightening up afterwards, a smile already spreading across his face at the thought of Hiccup despite his earlier not-sulk.<p>

So when he looked up and took in the sight of Hiccup, protesting loudly and suspended slightly in the air as Toothless held the back of his vest in his mouth and tugged him in one direction, while a strange floating boy and a chattering ball of golden light tugged him in another, he couldn't help it.

He cracked up.

Four heads instantly shot towards him, and two pairs of hands and one mouth let go of Hiccup at the same time, causing said autumn spirit to give a cry of slight surprise and hit the ground with an 'oomph'. Which in turn, caused Jack to laugh even harder.

Hiccup's face flushed beet red as he scowled fiercely at Jack, pulling himself to his feet and marching over to the winter spirit; who had toned his laughs down to slight snickers as he saw Hiccup approaching him, a smug smile spreading across his face as he watched the flustered Viking march across the grass field.

>"Thanks, Jack; what would I do without such a caring, considerate boyfriend?"

Jack raised his hands mockingly in self-defense. "Hey," he told him,

"I'm not the one that can't be left alone for two weeks without people attempting to kidnap me, Mr. Damsel."

If looks could kill, Jack would be back at the bottom of that lake.

Hiccup glared at him before turning back to the boy and glowing ball of gold light, which Jack had figured must be a fairy or something. "Peter, I've changed my mind, I think I'll go to Neverland with you after all."

>Peter's face lit up like a light bulb. "Really, you mean it? You'll be our mother?"<p>

Jack snorted. "Mother?"

Hiccup ignored him, nodding at Peter. "Yup."

Jack stopped laughing, more than slightly concerned by the seriousness of Hiccup's voice, and unable to see his face to see if he was just fooling around.

>"Ok, Hiccup, I'm sorry, I shouldn't have laughed. But you have to admit; it was pretty funnyâ€" "<p>

"How soon can we leave Peter?"

"All right, all right! It wasn't funny, it was completely insensitive of me and I'm sorry."

>Hiccup turned around to look at him and raised an eyebrow.

"Really?"
Jack thought about it for a moment. "Well, not really."

Hiccup rolled his eyes. "You are just the picture of humility Jack, I have no idea how Bunny could possibly harbor such a grudge against you for all those accidental blizzards."

>Jack reached out his staff and hooked the curve around Hiccup's waist, tugging him within arms reach, allowing him to pull the sassy Viking into his arms.
"Hmâ€" He said, pretending to sound thoughtful, "It must have something to do with my great looks."

Toothless let out a snort of disbelief and sunk onto the ground, curling up in the warm grass and letting his eyes slide closed.

"You certainly look like a great somethingâ€" Hiccup muttered.

>Jack laughed. "I'll take that as a compliment."<p>

"Hiccup?" Peter's voice drifted over to where the two were standing. They both turned slightly to look at the floating boy, who was eyeing them with something that, unless the two of them were very much mistaken, was a lot like envy. "Are you coming with us or not?"

Jack took in the boy's outfit and appearance, a faint glimmering of a memory stirring in the back of his mind. He raised a hand and waved at the boy, overcome with the rather silly reluctance to let go of Hiccup for too long now that he finally had in his arms again. (But then again, I suppose love (and boys) can be rather silly at times.) "Hey, I'm Jack Frost, spirit of winter; have we met?"

Peter shook his head before giving Jack a bow, sweeping his cap of

his head in a dramatic flourish as he did so. "Peter Pan of Neverland, at your service."

Jack took in Peter's figure again, his mind dredging up a faint memory of sitting on Jamie's bedroom floor and listening to the excited ten year old tell him all about a boy who had chosen to never grow old; to live in a place past the second star to the right and straight on till morning, with a bunch of other boys and a girl called Wendy as their mother.

Hold on a minute.

If Jack recalled correctly, Jamie had said that Peter had been like the father of the lost boys. Did that mean that there had been something between him and Wendy; and that, by inviting Hiccup to be their new mother, Peter was trying to start a similar relationship with him?

_Oh, __**hell**__ no._

Jack's hold on Hiccup tightened ever so slightly, something that didn't go unnoticed by said dragon rider, who's eyes darted up to notice Jack's jaw clenching slightly.

He shook his head slightly and turned back to Peter and smiling softly. "Sorry Peter, but like I said before Jack got here, I can't go to Neverland with you."

Peter nodded, dejected, but finally understanding. "Because of him?"

Hiccup paused for a moment but then nodded. "Yeah, unfortunately he's kinda like my Wendy."

>Jack glanced down at him. "You mean you're kinda like _my_ Wendy."

>Hiccup rolled his eyes again. "You get the picture."<p>

Peter nodded and rose up into the air, Tink following him and chattering grumpily as they went. "Alright, well, it was nice meeting you Hiccup."

Hiccup smiled. "You too; good luck looking for Wendy; I hope you find her soon." He felt terrible pushing the lies past his lips, but he knew he couldn't have told him the truth; that there was likely nothing left for Peter to find of Wendy but her gravestone.

Peter waved and the two flew off into the warm, sunny, sky; Hiccup watching as they turned into tiny specks before disappearing entirely.

There was silence for a moment for Jack spoke.

"So, uh, what did he mean exactly when he said he wanted you to be his new mother?"

The tone was clearly meant to be casual, but Jack managed to miss that mark by a mile.

>Hiccup smirked and turned to face him. "Wouldn't you like to know?"
Jack frowned slightly, staring at Hiccup as though he was searching him for any clue to what might have happened leading up to

the tug-of-Hiccup. Hiccup stared straight back, watching his eyes as well, and after a moment his eyes widened slightly as realization dawned on him.

"Jack," He began carefully, bringing up his hands to rest on Jack's upper back, and working the blue material of his hoody through his fingers absentmindedly. "You wouldn't happen to be jealous because someone asked me to be their _mother_ would you?"

Jack's cheeks flushed a damning pink and he broke his gaze with Hiccup immediately. "No." He muttered vehemently, staring at his feet.

Hiccup felt elation rushing through his veins, a smug look rising to his face. "Really?"

Jack raised his gaze from his feet, jaw set firmly in place, his eyes steeled to avoid giving anything away. Before Hiccup could tease him anymore he closed the distance between them and pushed their lips together; it was a little rougher than their kisses usually were, but Hiccup wasn't complaining. He wrapped his arms around Jack's neck to draw him in closer, pushing their bodies together in an effort to get closer to him. Jack, in turn, tangled one hand in Hiccup's hair, helping to keep their lips connected together as his other hand rested on his upper back.

>When they finally broke apart, Hiccup was gasping for breath as Jack looked on as smugly as he could possibly manage without letting on how desperate for air he really was.<p>

Hiccup rested his head against Jack shoulder, leaning into him, while Jack wrapped his arms around his waist, keeping him close.

"Not jealous, huh?" Hiccup finally managed to get out.

>Jack shook his head, smirking. "Nope."
They lapsed into silence, enjoying the feel of being close to each other, and the soft sound of their breaths joining in the cadence of the countryside.

* * *

><p>"Jack?" Hiccup asked, breaking the silence a while later, after they had moved to sit on the grass, Jack leaning against a tree with Hiccup leaning against him.<p>

"Yeah?"

"Don't take this the wrong way." He began, and then fell silent, unsure of where to go from there.

Jack was quiet for a few moments, allowing time for a more somber mood to settle between them before speaking; having detected the anxiousness in Hiccup's voice, his own was oddly serious for once. "Alright."

Toothless snored happily beside them, still curled up in a ball, as Hiccup looked around the small field they were in; enjoying the way that Jack's slight chill bled through his hoody and sent cool shivers running down his back. He felt Jack's arms resting around his waist, and the security of Jack against his back, keeping him safe.

A million images ran through his mind, all of Jack; his laugh,

echoing around them as Hiccup rolled his eyes at him and tried not to smile, their arguments, both of their voices raising in frustration as they shook their heads, crossed their arms and clenched their fists, their make-ups, soft words and earnest apologies mumbled to each other as they hugged. He recalls sweet kisses pressed to cheeks and hands, chaste ones lightly brushed against his lips, giving way to heavier ones that seemed to pull them down and bathe their brains in an intoxicating fog. He can see Jack's smile, and recall the way it makes Hiccup want to forgive any and every past transgression; the poignant ache in his heart whenever they hadn't seen each other in a long time, and the way it skipped a beat when they finally did meet up again.

The idea of all that vanishing into nothing, disappearing into a dark void and leaving Hiccup utterly alone with only the memory of them, made his heart wrench.

It was terrifying.

Completely and utterly terrifying.

"I'm glad that you're not human."

There was another moment of silence, and Hiccup held his breath, fear of Jack misunderstanding rising up to claw at his heart.

And then Jack shifted, tightening his grip around Hiccup's waist and bringing him closer to his body. He pressed his face into the crook of Hiccup's neck and mumbled his next words into the skin there, and Hiccup felt an immense rush of relief crash through him as he leaned back into Jack and breathed again.

>"Me too."<p>

* * *

><p>I did look up the quote at the beginning, but there were a lot of different answers for it, so I wasn't sure which was the right one. I hope you enjoyed this story. ^^<p>

End
file.